

782.6
H43z
1870

Z A M P A,

AN OPERATIC DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

ENGLISH VERSION BY

ALFRED THOMPSON,

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

MUSIC BY

HEROLD.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND, LONDON.

1870.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

POLLACK, SCHMIDT & Co.,

(Under the immediate Patronage of Her Royal Highness

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA,

PRINCESS ROYAL OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND)

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ANOTHER DEPÔT, at

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And beg to invite an early inspection of this only really

Silent Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine,

PROVIDED WITH

A New Hook and Needle Guard,

Which prevents breakage of Thread and Needle, and Hook and Bobbin
from being scratched.

This new Invention which is patented in all European countries, and
the United States of America, is of paramount importance, rendering
the Machine superior to all others on the Rotating Hook principle.

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PATENT LOCK-STITCH HAND SEWING MACHINES.

Greatly improved Shuttle Machines

WITH LOOP CATCHER,

Working with less noise than all other heavy Machines known, the
the cog-wheels of which cause a noise detrimental to health.

For Workshops of Tailors, Shoemakers, Saddlers, Upholsterers, &c.

* * * All Machines gained the highest prizes wherever exhibited,
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Three Gold Medals within One Month in 1869.

Proprietors of Stay and Shirt Manufacturies gained Medals from different

Juries for work executed on these *Excellent* Machines.

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H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Prussia, Princess Royal of Great Britain
and Ireland, and addressed to Messrs. POLLACK, SCHMIDT & Co, he
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*Payments, according to arrangements, to suit the convenience of all
Purchasers.*

PRICES OF THE MACHINES FROM 4½ GUINEAS.

Machines marked “POLLACK, SCHMIDT & Co.,” are only genuine and
warranted.

Country Agents Wanted. Shippers Supplied.

210A, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

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CRAMER'S
NEW BOUDOIR OBLIQUE
PIANOFORTE.

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"The best Fifty Guinea Pianoforte ever produced." *Orchestra*

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Stops, £28; Eight Stops, £34.

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207 and 209, REGENT STREET, W.

782.6

H432

1870

CHARACTERS.

Zampa	-	(a Corsair)	-	Mr. C. SANTLEY
Alphonso	-	(a Sicilian Officer)		Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS
Daniel	-	(Zampa's Mate)		Mr. AYNSLEY COOKE
Dandolo	-	(a Sicilian Peasant)	-	Mr. C. LYALL
Camellia		(Lugano's daughter)		Madlle. FLORENCE LANCIA
Rita	-	(her Maid)	-	Miss EMMELINE COLE

Corsairs, Peasants, Soldiers, &c.

The Scene is laid in Sicily.

A.D. 1630.



ACT I.—SCENE—A Gothic Hall, Interior.

ACT II.—SCENE—In Sicily: On the Sea Coast.

ACT III.—SCENE—The interior of an apartment in the
Chateau of Lugano.

15 Jan. 59. Clark

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INVENTOR OF THE

PATENT IMPROVED WATCH.



These watches are second to none in going and stronger than ordinary watches.

One of the several advantages of these watches is — You cannot break the mainspring by winding the wrong way, and the watches are made in such a way, that it is immaterial to which side you wind them.

CHRISTIAN LANGE

Is also inventor of the new Metropolitan Railway Clock, which can be seen on all the Stations from Westminster to West Brompton. The Clock is a perfect time keeper, very strong and not expensive: they can be made in all sizes.

Such a clock ought to be in every gentleman's house.

CHRISTIAN LANGE

Is also inventor of the new Compensating Pendulum for Astronomical Clocks.

CHRISTIAN LANGE

Is a real watchmaker himself, and he really makes watches, so he is quite sure of the good quality in every respect of the watches he supplies.

Any one who takes an interest in the matter, and who gives an order for a watch, may come from time to time to see it made

CHRISTIAN LANGE

Is sole Agent in Great Britain and Ireland for the celebrated Geneva firm Moulinié and Legrandroy.

CHRISTIAN LANGE

Has a good stock of Moulinié and Co's. watches on hand, unsurpassed by any for beauty and taste.

Watches, &c., are repaired in the house.

All Watches with Moulinié's name should be sent to 99, STRAND, for repairs.

Both Prize Medal and Honorable Mention — Exhibition London, 1862.

Z A M P A .

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Gothic hall, interior. On either side a statue on pedestal surrounded by a canopy—on the pedestal to the right is engraved “Albina di Manfredi, 1614.” A massive table with Gothic chairs, stools. On the table are flowers & articles of dress: young Sicilian girls are grouped round choosing from the presents on the table. CAMILLA is inviting others to select from baskets carried by valets. She is seated right of table. RITA, her maid is standing near.*

CHORUS These wedding gifts of lavish taste astound us !

Happy the bride who such a spouse may wed.

See ! friends, profusion lies around us :

May love, their paths with flowers spread.

GIRLS What, all for us, this bounty?

CAMILLA (*smiling*) All for you!

RITA But that's not all—each pretty maiden

Once again, open wide her eyes :

With trinkets and silks richly laden,

A cross of gold shall be your prize.

GIRLS (*delighted*) A cross of gold?

A cross of gold?

CHORUS (*repeat*) These wedding gifts, &c.

(While the girls tie on their scarves and necklaces CAMILLA looks off)

CAMILLA (*with impatience*) Not yet arrived, my heart beats fast,

The wish'd for hour, dearest,

The wished for hour is come at last.

AIR.

Am I awake or dreaming?

Does love my hope betray.

Can joy like this be seeming

While he I love's away !

My ev'ry wish contenting,
Breaths a father's fond love ;

So to my choice assenting

All his vows mine approve.

What have I then to fear.

Alphonso's near,

And yet my heart,

Is beating here.

Am I awake, &c.

But when his step approaching—
 Falls like light on my heart,
 All my fears thus encroaching
 Like the night quick depart.
 His eyes to mine appealing,
 Two loving hearts revealing
 Drive all my doubts away.

Yes, I'm awake, not dreaming, for love need nothing fear,
 Joy in my eyes sits beaming, since he I love is near.

RITA (*who during last bars has looked off at back*)

'Tis true your doubting ends.

Alphonso comes, preceded by his friends.

(*Enter ALPHONSO in uniform, accompanied by young Sicilians*)

CHORUS Sicilians! leave your valleys:
 Our nets are spread—our galleys
 Await the tide.
 But stay the anchor heaving,
 We'll pray to Heav'n e'er leaving,
 To bless the Bride.

CAMILLA (*cries*) Alphonso!

ALPH. (*rushing to meet her*) O! Camilla, my dearest,
 To our golden future there is no alloy.
 Such happiness is nearest
 To that of perfect joy.

COUPLETS Friends, share my joy; 'tis my cup brimming over,
 Choose where you like, these gifts are all for you.
 Should all I have be demanded, the lover
 Is rich indeed who weds a maiden true
 Treasure of love, all gold is above,
 Yes, love is wealth untold above all gold!
 My grateful heart would love for all desire,
 So sigh no more (if any here can sigh);
 I surely know a gift which might inspire
 The saddest maid my happiness to try.
 Each here shall find a husband to her mind.
 Yes! a husband to her mind.

GIRLS A husband?

YOUNG MEN (*advancing*) To your mind!

Repeat Chorus. These wedding presents, &c.

RITA (*to young people*) The hour is come! the bells have sounded,
 Now to the chapel—and await us there.

(*They go out.*)

RITA. Now, this is what I call a splendid wedding.

CAM. (*smiling*). So splendid that I fear Alphonso means to ruin himself.

ALP. (*gaily*). I, a poor lieutenant, ruin myself! The fact is,

Camilla, darling, your father won't hear of economy. Not a day passes but he says, 'don't forget you are the son-in-law of Lugano, the richest merchant in all Sicily. My coffers are as deep as my love for you both; plunge your hands into my wealth.'

CAM. (*tenderly*). How good he is! that dear father!

RITA. And you plunge them up to the elbows. Why he has more ducats than the council of ten with the Doge to back them.

ALP. It is just this enormous wealth which disconcerts me; For I have only my sword.

RITA. You can run through a fortune with that, as well as an enemy.

CAM. It is very wrong to be so proud, Alphonso! I can't help being rich. Do I reproach you with the services you have done us? When you saved my father from the brigands of Val Demonio, did you not give a thousand times more than I can offer?

RITA. Besides, my master, Signor Lugano, wishes nothing better. He is always adding to his funds. Why he was off this morning on board his cutter to meet the cargo he expects from Smyrna.

CAM. (*concerned*). What, Rita! you let my father go upon my wedding day?

RITA. Ta! ta! ta! He'll be back in time, never fear. There's no danger on the seas now the terrible Corsair Zampa has had his claws cut.

CAM. But is this really true?

ALP. I can answer for it. Surprised and seized in his haunt in one of the Lipari islands, he is now a prisoner in Melazzo, two leagues only from hence. (*Showing papers*). I have just received the description proving his identity, with his condemnation by the council of Messina.

RITA. (*joining her hands*). Gracious Virgin! And have you the courage to read the description of the odious monster?

ALP. I can only tell you that if he resembles this, the odious monster is an uncommonly good-looking fellow.

RITA. Good looking! a demon shot out of Etna with his flock of jail birds—

CAM. Who has been devastating our country for the last fifteen years.

RIT. Pillaging towns, spoiling men, and carrying off women; I should like to see them carry me off; I'd—

ALP. You seem to be their worst enemy, Rita.

RITA. How would you like to be a widow at five-and-twenty?

That's what I am through your good-looking Corsair. (*wiping a tear*). Poor Daniel! He was the best fisherman in all Genoa, a husband who was always at my elbow when I was in the humour for scolding, and who disappeared after a six months honeymoon, just when I was getting accustomed to it. Oh! it is cruel; I believe they drowned him. And he never could abide water.

ALP. I don't believe it. Zampa they say is never brutal, and indeed, but lately refused his own pardon rather than give up his comrades.

CAM. His pardon?

ALP. Aye. In time of war such courage and naval ability as his prove useful enough to pardon.

RITA. Well I hope they won't ask my opinion on the subject.

CAM. (*to ALPHONSO*) Don't speak of him, dearest. Somehow his very name makes me tremble.

RITA. Well, I suppose we ought to be charitable, and as the man is to be hanged we may safely pardon him. (*To CAMILLA*). I must see to the wedding breakfast, and you, mister officer, can't do better to hasten master's return than to offer up a prayer to our patron saint yonder (*points to statue*). The holy Albina Manfredi will refuse you nothing. (*Exit.*)

ALP. (*astonished*). What did she say? Albina Manfredi?

CAM. Yes; this is in memory of a young girl who died here. She was revered by all the country round, and is now held holy by the simple villagers. You must have heard her history.

ALP. Never; but I conjure you tell me all.

CAM. How strange, how eager your manner; the story is not long. Some twelve or fifteen years ago this poor girl lived here alone. She never smiled, and passed her waning days in distributing her fortune among the poor, who looked on her as their guardian angel. Not a fisherman on the coast but puts up a prayer to Saint Albina before he embarks for sea. There is legend the maidens sing, if I can remember it.

ALP. Let me hear it, dearest?

ROMANCE—CAMILLA

Fairest maid in Florence,
None with her could compete;
Albina's grace and beauty
Drew lovers to her feet.

Too young to dream of evil, she gave her virgin love
To one whose base betrayal, her tears for ever prove.

(*Prayer*) Holy Albina! we adore thee,
Pray for us who kneel before thee;
We for thy repose will pray,
Watch o'er maiden hearts this day.

Broken hearted and dying
 Hither Albina came—
 From her home and country flying
 To hide her guileless shame.

And still when winds are sighing, the peasants often hear
 Her lips of marble murmur, the fatal name once dear.

(*Prayer*) Holy Albina, &c.

ALP. It must be the same.

CAM. The same! What memory troubles you?

ALP. The memory of poor Albina. It was my own brother who betrayed her.

CAM. Your brother?

ALP. I blush to own it. That Count di Monza, whose riotous life was once the common talk of Italy. Younger than he by many years, and educated far from Florence, I never saw him since my childhood and cannot even recall his features. But my life has been burdened with his misdeeds, my father's fortune squandered and our name dishonoured by his uncurbed licence, which brought him at last, they say, to death in the prison of the Inquisition. Judge of my emotion on seeing this statue.

CAM. Only perjured lovers need fear our dear Albina. And you are not one of those.

ALP. Not I, dearest; and my happiness in store will drive all other thoughts out of my head.

RITA. (*enters running*). Signor Alphonso! Hola!

ALP. Why, I am here, Rita!

RITA. A horseman is without who affirms that a troop of brilliant cavaliers awaits your worship in the Citron grove.

ALP. My comrades, the officers of the Vice-Roy, who wait to be presented to my bride; I am with them directly.

CAM. What, leaving me already?

ALP. In five minutes I shall be with you again. (*Kisses her.*)
 (*Exit.*)

RITA. (*opening coffers on table.*) Five minutes will just give me the time I want for my bride's toilette.

CAM. (*sitting by table*). Has no one seen my father's cutter?

RITA. Not yet, Signora.

CAM. How I shall scold him for making us wait. Be quick, Rita, and chose the simplest wreath.

RITA. (*arranging wreath of orange blossoms in CAMILLA's head*). Simple indeed, not if I can find one like this. Why one doesn't marry every day of one's life. Ah! I shall never forget my wedding day, and the bells. . . . by the way, I haven't heard the bells to-day. I wonder where the bell-ringer has gone to?

CAM. Was he not sent to Melazzo for the priest?

RITA. Why he started this morning before five. If he means to replace my poor defunct Daniel he must be quicker to time than that, I can tell him.

CAM. (*rising*) Listen, some one is running this way.

RITA. (*looking off*) Why, it's Dandolo the bell-ringer himself. What is the matter?

Enter DANDOLO, pale and looking behind him as if he were pursued.

TRIO

RITA Whence this plight?

CAM. Why this flight?

RITA Now reply—tell us why—now reply.

DAN. Do not shout in that way, we hear what you say!

O! let me go, in pity spare the harmless Dandolo,

I cannot think what makes me tremble so!

CAM. His head his turned, his wits are gone!

RITA The coward's mad—what can be done?

He'll die of fright, Dandolo!

DAND. I'll die of fright, I'm very sure;

Such terror I can not endure.

RITA Where have you been? DAND. I can not tell.

CAM. What have you seen? DAND. That I know well.

DAND. Can not you see who follows me—

With feather'd head and mantle red;

His piercing eye I can't endure,

I'll die of fright, I'm very sure.

RITA Dolt, listen! or let me speak at least—

Hast thou met with the priest?

DAND. Not I. (*looks on all sides in fear*)

RITA No! to fetch him back with thee

We'rt thou not sent express?

DAND. Yes,

CAM. Yes!

Your message does his reverence know?

DAND. No,

RITA No!

And pray what hinder'd thee?

DAND. He.

ENSEMBLE, &c.

RITA. (*speaking*) Now look here, my fine fellow, if you don't speak a little more clearly, I shall listen to none of your overtures, I can tell you.

CAM. Courage, Dandolo. What has turned your brain?

DAND. Well! I'm coming to, so I'll tell you. I took a short cut this morning across the Val-Demonio, and as I was singing

out loud by way of company, as it was still dark, just as I rounded the white rock, I saw before me a big devil right in the road. I know he was a devil by the way he addressed me. 'Whither so fast, fool.'

RITA. It was some one who knew you well.

DAND. So I thought, and if I hadn't trembled so....

RITA. Tremble before a solitary man!

DAND. But he was accompanied, this man was, by two cutlasses and half-a-dozen pistols.

CAM. Heavens!

DAND. 'Whither so fast?' says he as wild as thunder. 'To fetch his reverence the priest,' says I as affably as the circumstances permitted. 'Aye! for the rich Lugano's daughter. You can return, for the priest is ill and cannot leave his bed.'

CAM. Can this be true?

DAND. So says I, don't think me rude if I leave you, for I'm expected, I know, to ring the bells. "Touch but a rope and they will toll thy knell."

RITA. What a brute!

DAND. Well, that was not encouraging for a nervous man like me. 'Anyhow,' continued he, 'this marriage is null, I forbid it.'

CAM. What can this mean! Who can he be who forbids my marriage.

DAND. As he said this, he pulled out a pistol and I felt it was time to close the interview, which I did, by using my legs.

RITA. You are sure this is not a story?

DAND. A story! Why, I can see him now. There I was on the road, and there might be the white rock. Well, he came from behind it, just like—Great Heaven, there he is!

CAM & RITA. Who is there?

DAND. The red mantle. Now, believe me.

ZAMPA, *disguised in red mantle and slouching hat with black feather, has entered from behind statue R. He stands with his eyes fixed on CAMILLA. The women start back.*

CAM.—RITA He is here! tho' a stranger he alarms me,
And his eyes seems to fill me with fright.

ZAMPA She is here! her calm beauty now unarms me;
Yes, her beauty fills my heart with delight.

DAND. 'Tis the same, 'tis the same who alarms me!

ZAMPA For wedding bells you are waiting—not danger—
For my presence you are unprepar'd.

CAM. To me, Sir, you're a stranger,
And yet I'm told that you have dar'd
To mar the hopes a loving husband shar'd.
How can your will my marriage alter?

ZAMPA By my will—you say well:
 'Tis my will this marriage shall not be.
 CAM.—RITA How so?
 ZAMPA Nay, I swear! with my wish you yourself shall agree.
 CAM. O Heaven! my senses falter.
 DAND. 'Tis the same! he's beginning again. (*aside*)
 CAM. Stay! by what right?—
 ZAMPA This letter will explain.
 (*CAMILLA takes the letter ZAMPA gives, with fear and wonder*)

ENSEMBLE.

DAND. From my toe to the tips of my hair.
 When he stares I am frozen outright:
 Not the devil himself, I declare,
 Could fill me with greater affright.
 ZAMPA (*aside*) She is here—Her calm beauty, &c.
 CAM.—RITA He is here—Tho' a stranger, &c.
 (*ZAMPA motions to DANDOLO and RITA to retire. They obey and exeunt—ZAMPA and CAMILLA remain in centre of stage. CAMILLA opens the letter.*)
 CAM. (*startling*) What do I see?
 ZAMPA (*aside*) She's in my power.
 CAM. My father a captive!
 ZAMPA Speak lower.
 CAM. (*reading*) "Upon the Corsair Zampa's deck
 "A prisoner I lie;
 "No hand can save me now from death's extremity,
 "If all my gold—" How! Zampa free!
 All believe him in chains.
 ZAMPA (*smiling*) In chains! not he!
 CAM. How know you?
 ZAMPA 'Tis Zampa himself you now see.
 CAM. (*trying to escape*) Ah!
 ZAMPA (*staying her, and continuing in a low voice*)
 You alone my secret knowing,
 In your keeping my future lies:
 One last cast for fortune I'm throwing,
 So beware! then beware, e'er your father dies.
 Should I to-morrow not return—my men
 Will never let your father live to see the sun again.

ENSEMBLE.

CAMILLA and RITA go out terrified. DANDOLO is prevented by ZAMPA and forced to remain.

DAND. I'm in the spider's web, and shall be crunched like a fly.

ZAMPA. (*laying his cloak aside and seating himself R.*) She cannot escape me now. (*seeing DANDOLO*) Come here, my friend, we've met before, I think.

DAND. We have had that pleasure, I believe.

ZAMPA. Make yourself useful at once, my friend Lugano has been detained by important business, and has put his house at my disposal.

DAND. A friend of Signor Lugano's.

ZAMPA. Don't stare in that rude way. Tell me! Is there anything worth seeing in the neighbourhood?

DAND. If the Signor come for amusement, he could not have chosen a better moment. There's a beautiful sight to-morrow from this window. The famous Zampa is to be hanged, that will be worth seeing.

ZAMPA. Who or what is Zampa? A Corsair?

DAND. A sea ruffian, as ugly as sin and as wicked as satan.

ZAMPA. Ah, I've heard of him. Going to be hanged, is he? Serve him right, why did he let himself be caught? But leave Zampa to the hangman and bring me some refreshment, I'm dying of thirst. And mind, the best wine in my host's cellar.

DAND. Dinner for one?

ZAMPA. Dinner for twenty.

DAND. What an appetite!

ZAMPA. I' faith I believe the dolt hesitates. Go and ask your mistress. Sirrah, and see whether she refuses me, and don't forget a bottle of old Cyprus for myself, blockhead.

DAND. Oh, he must be a friend by the way he addresses me.
(*Exit.*)

ZAMPA. Alone at last. My mate must be somewhere near.
(*whistles*) It is Daniel.

(DANIEL *appearing from behind statue of Albina.*)

DAN. Aye, aye! Captain.

ZAMPA. Where is our crew?

DAN. Studying botany in the garden.

ZAMPA. The schooner?

DAN. Is standing off the coast with old Lugano on board.

ZAMPA. And the young Count?

DAN. The lorn lover's in the Citron Grove—with a guard mounting over him.

ZAMPA. Hurrah! you old sea dog. What do you think now of my plans?

DAN. (*contrite*). It looks like success, but heaven may not perhaps approve.

ZAMPA. Is that the way a Corsair talks?

DAN. One may be a Corsair and yet no heretic. Not a day passes but I impose some penance for my wicked deeds. That keeps up the equilibrium, and (*raising his eyes*) when my account is totted up I trust there may be a balance to my credit.

ZAMPA. Why, the old thief would cheat St. Peter on his soul's account.

DAN. Capen dear, don't trifle with an honest sentiment. Come; off with Lugano's ransom and stand out to sea.

ZAMPA. I've changed my mind, we stay here till to-morrow.

DAN. There he is again with his unscrupulous audacity. If they find you out——

ZAMPA. Which no one will. Am I not in prison? By the time they find me escaped I shall be the husband of this lovely Camilla.

DAN. Husband for a week—as usual.

ZAMPA. This time for ever. It is the only way to master old Lugano's fortune. Besides, I'm in love with the girl herself. Apropos, as I mean to make some little show, bring down the rich apparel which was used at my last marriage in Venice.

DAN. Ah, there he goes again. I always said woman would be the doing of us.

ZAMPA. How can I help it. Women drove me on to the sea. In the world which I was born to ornament, there was always some obstacle to my wishes: an absurd father or ridiculous brother, who wanted to know my intentions. Now a man is king on board his own ship and can change his queen when he likes.

DAN. How this man talks. Now, I never had but one wife, she was my own, and I left her after six months trial (the trials were mine). May she never turn up on my horizon, is her devoted husband's prayer. (*A gun is fired in the distance.*)

ZAMPA. A gun fired! What's that?

DAN. The signal announcing that our schooner has cast anchor three leagues from the coast.

ZAMPA. Bravo! We'll have a wet night on shore. Call up the comrades, and hey! for a flood of wine!

(DAN. *whistles off.* *It grows dark.*)

Chorus of Sailors (who enter stealthily at back.)

CHORUS.

The signal was heard, we are ready!
'Tis the captain calls for his crew:
Our cry is steady, boys, steady,
When there's fighting or frolic in view.

ZAMPA Comrades! if I count on you,
Good fortune follows me faster,
This very castle owns me master.

CHORUS What does he say? owns him as master.

ZAMPA I've one little word but to say
To each and all, within this hall, and they obey!

- CHORUS How so ? 'Tis so,
 ZAMPA 'Tis so.
 One little word—you may feel slightly hungry ?
 DANIEL Rather !
 ZAMPA Or thirsty ?
 DANIEL Not in the least !!
 ZAMPA What ho ! there, lackeys ! let nimble hands prepare the feast.
 [*Enter male and female servants, who dress the table with*
 bouquets, lights, &c.]
 CHORUS The signal's heard and we obey it,
 Your wish to us is a command :
 If you've thirst—here is wine to allay it,
 If hungry the feast is at hand.
 SAILORS We must believe them when they say it,
 What a feast for a Corsair's band ;
 One simple word let him but say it,
 The simplest word they understand.
 ZAMPA 'Tis well ! you now can go.
 CHORUS The signal's heard, &c. (*they retire*)
 ZAMPA À table !
 CHORUS À table !!
 [*They group themselves round table, ZAMPA in the armchair*
 at head of table. DANIEL on a stool R.]
 DRINKING CHORUS.
 Drain the mad juice without measure,
 On our cups ring folly's chime !
 Seize the moment e'er all pleasure
 Flies away on wings of time.
 DANIEL This is wine,
 CHORUS Juice divine,
 CHORUS The lights glimmer.
 DANIEL Here's the captain's health in a brimmer.
 Chorus—Drain, &c.
 ZAMPA You shall taste better still,
 Or say that I slight you :
 For I swear to my wedding
 That I will invite you.
 CHORUS We take your word,
 DANIEL We take your word.
 A CORSAIR With such blood-warming wine
 I'd make the Pope recant, 'gainst Rome protesting.
 DANIEL Good Sirs, I beg you'll drop such sinful jesting.
 ZAMPA Confound him ! he's worse than us all,
 So here's a song, lest our spirits should fall.
 CHORUS Merry song will enliven us all.
 SONG—ZAMPA.
 What if the foaming billow
 Dash me up to the sky ;

Heads on the ocean-pillow,

All danger dare defy.

Waves may bluster still the grape's mine

While a cluster hangs on the vine—

If we've sorrow drown it in wine,

Storms to-morrow may steep it in brine.

Then fill up to the brim, fill up the cup!

What if we leave behind us

Girls who forget us when gone;

Do not such lovers remind us

Woman and winds are one.

[DANIEL *pretending to be disgusted with the tipiness of his comrades, seats himself near the statue of Albina. He reads the inscription and starts back horror struck*]

DANIEL Heav'ns! 'tis a face I've seen before,

ZAMPA What then?

DANIEL Look! 'tis the image of Albina di Manfredi!

The fair maid whose love was betray'd by thee.

ZAMPA Why this alarm?

Can a statue of stone do any harm?

DANIEL I am not mad! yet her eyes frown on thee

As in anger. You swore to her no other

Should be your wife. The dead are jealous too

They say—

ZAMPA Is it so?

DANIEL What would you do?

ZAMPA Give her you fear no cause for wrath.

[ZAMPA *draws aside the curtain from statue*]

DANIEL Beware! this is folly blaspheming;

The Cyprus turns his head—he's dreaming!

I will stand in his path [thunder heard]

ZAMPA Let me go!

CHORUS If he persuade, without our aid,

'Twill be a wonder.

DANIEL Beware of the menacing thunder!

CHORUS (*laughing*) Ho! ho! ho! &c.

ZAMPA Let me go. (*throws off* DANIEL *and approaches the statue*)

If thine eyes with anger shine,

The cause of all thy woes

Bids thy shade no longer repine,

Thus Zampa ensures thy repose.

Accept this bridal ring—of me thou may'st dispose,

Till to-morrow I am thine.

(*he steps on to stool and puts a ring on the statue's hand*)

DANIEL (*terrified*) 'Tis sacrilege!

ZAMPA (*laughing*) 'Tis done! I've made her mine;

Let thy tremor vanish away,

No thunderbolt has follow'd thy dismay
 Away with silly fear—We'll merry be!
 Fill up! and sing with me,
 Drain the mad juice without measure,&c.
 CHOR. Drink, drink till morning,
 We'll drink all danger scorning;
 Let bumpers pass to every lass
 A health! fill up your cup.
 Drain the goblet, &c.

ZAMPA A step approaches—be silent all!
 CHOR. Be silent all.

Enter DANDOLO bowing and hesitating.

DANDOLO. Excuse me, good Sir, if I intrude,
 Pray do not think me rude,
 (to ZAMPA) Our good Signora bids me say
 She would speak to you without delay.

ZAMPA Does my mistress implore me?
 Take this flambeau before me, [Exit DANDOLO
 (DANIEL takes the torch and precedes ZAMPA
 Already hearts adore me;
 I fly to the feet of my queen.
 Stay! I forgot, I am leaving
 The token of my love—
 Our bridal ring I mean.

[He goes to take it, when the statue closes her hand—Horror
 depicted on all.

ZAMPA Saints! can this be?
 CHOR. It is conscience deceiving,

'Tis our terror believing
 This prodigy we see!

DANIEL Here where I trembling stand
 I saw her close her hand!

Our last day of doom this must be;
 Away! while life is left—let's flee!

ZAMPA (recovering himself) 'Tis wine on our senses imposing,
 'Tis the fumes of the grape make us reel:
 Let other hands round glasses closing,
 Show thus how wine our fancies steel.

(He pours out laughing)

Drain the goblet without measure,
 On our cups—(he stops on seeing their terror, & shouts
 What, afraid? you shall sing with me or die. (they fill
 Drain the goblet without measure—
 We tremble again—
 On our cups ring folly's chime—
 In fear we remain—
 Seize the moment e'er all pleasure—

We tremble again—
 Flies away on wings of time—
 Ah ! still we tremble again,
 We shall die if we remain.

[ZAMPA *still drinking and singing, offers the cup to the statue, who raises its arm menacingly as the Curtain descends.*

TABLEAU.

ACT II.

In Sicily—On the Sea coast. On the left a ruined gateway indicates the entrance to the chateau of LUGANO ; on the right a Gothic chapel, near it the tomb of Albina di Manfredi. On the rising of the Curtain the Opening Chorus of women is heard within the chapel.

CHORUS *inside the Chapel.*

In the holy shrine assembling
 At the Virgin's feet we bow.
 When in fear of tempest trembling
 Hear thy poor handmaidens' vow.
 May our husbands on the ocean, safety win for our devotion ;
 O hear our vow !

Enter ZAMPA L.

ZAMPA Camilla's there ! on her knees she is praying,
 Can she hope by her prayers to escape from my sway,
 No ! no ! 'tis no use delaying—
 Camilla, thou shalt be mine to day.
 Yes ! in her beauty lies repentance,
 Love strikes a chord within the Corsair's breast.
 Let thy sweet voice pronounce my sentence,
 On thy bosom what bliss in peace to rest.
 Yes ! my dove, I have caught thee ;
 Soon will love, sweet, have taught thee,
 From my arms e'er I die,
 Never more wilt thou seek to fly.

CAVATINA.

Zampa's power lives supreme,
 No maiden dare refuse him,
 All of Zampa's courting dream,
 However they abuse him,
 Shall waves obey and beauty scorn
 The Corsair chief, to triumph born ?
 No ! my power reigns supreme,
 No maiden dare refuse me,

All of my perfections dream,
However they abuse me.

I've utter'd words of passion,
I've sworn upon my knees
To girls of ev'ry nation,
From German to Chinese.
I have seen on my galeon,
Persian, Spanish, Italian,
Who have found me sincere
For one day in the year!

I have room for a legion,
Turk, Hindoo, or Norwegian,
Would find my heart was free!
And even Britain's daughters
Upon her proudest waters,
Struck their flag when they met with me.

Zampa's power, &c.
If beauty boldly
Treats me coldly,
I spread my sails to other airs,
And fly to sea away;

I bear her off in spite of pray'rs
Like some remorseless bird of prey;
To all my vows sad silence keeping,
For one long day.

But on the second leaves off weeping—
The third—looks almost gay,
On that same ev'ning, calmly sleeping,
Thus I hear her dreaming say:

Zampa's power, &c.,
No, No! The Corsair is to triumph born.

Enter DANIEL richly clothed, from the Chateau.

ZAMPA. Ha! ha! my repentant friend Daniel! Have you got over your fright of last night?

DAN. (*Shaking his head*). It's nothing to laugh at Captain, that marble hand prevented me from sleeping all night.

ZAMPA. Superstitious nonsense! Have you not seen this awful statue remains as it was before.

DAN. Aye! but the ring has disappeared.

ZAMPA. And I am not surprised. I would not trust a ring on my own finger were I asleep, to our honest friends the crew. I should not wonder if it had found its way into *your* pocket.

DAN. I call St. Peter to witness—

ZAMPA. St. Peter has quite enough to do at Rome just now without your plaguing him.

DAN. What a heathen the man is (*joining his hands*).

ZAMPA. Come—are my orders obeyed?

DAN. The orders to dress ourselves like gentlemen? Certainly. Look at me. Is not my whole air noble? The crew looks magnificent. I chose these for myself from the baggage of that poor Portuguese admiral—you remember. He can't grudge them me, for I've said masses enough for his repose in all conscience. But, seriously, does the lovely Camilla really consent?

ZAMPA. Can she do otherwise, when her father's life depends on our marriage.

DAN. Marriage! Why we shall have to clear out before the priest has opened his book.

ZAMPA. How so?

DAN. The governor knows of Zampa's escape!

ZAMPA. (*Ironically*). Clever man.

DAN. (*In a whisper*). The troops have been called out.

ZAMPA. The devil they have.

DAN. With orders to shoot him wherever he shall be arrested.

ZAMPA. Then there's no time to loose. My order shall be given at once.

DAN. To retreat?

ZAMPA. To advance (*smiling*) the wedding hour.

DAN. (*Indignantly*). This is braving Providence.

ZAMPA. Not another word—you are not ignorant, my inestimable Daniel, of a certain pointed reply which I can make use of in argument.

DAN. (*Seeing ZAMPA playing with his dagger*). I don't want to argue. Of course if you've good reasons, you won't stick at anything.

ZAMPA. (*Quietly*). That's settled! Now to prepare for the part of bridegroom. While I am dressing see if Pietro, whom I sent on duty to Messina, has returned. If he has, bring him to me at once; and mind, if all the guards in Sicily were here, you'd have to render an account to Zampa.

[*Exit into Chateau.*]

DAN. (*alone*) Render an account indeed—and supposing we get all hanged, who will settle our account with him? This demon of a man has resources even I know nothing of, but his star seems on the wane. This miracle last night—I may have had too much, but I was not blind-drunk—I never was, and if Saint Nicholas does not aid us we shall all be dancing at the end of a rope. May the penitent have time to balance the Corsairs account. (*He turns aside praying to shrine.*)

Enter left from Chateau RITA.

RITA (*to herself*). I can bear it no longer. All these marriage plans upset when my mistress' father is absent, and for a

stranger whom we know nothing of. I must find out, by making his people chatter.

DAN. (*aside*) Holy St. Nicholas—The devil take the statue—(*turning, he sees RITA and starts.*) The saints defend us, here she is again! No! It is a woman. The sight of a flowing robe makes me tremble.

RITA (*aside*) This is one of them. How to begin the conversation (*coughs*). Hem! Hem!

DAN. (*looking at her with pleasure*). Good looking and respectable withal! It really would be cruel to let this nice young thing fall into the hands of those blackguard Corsairs. (*He approaches*).

RITA (*looking out the corner of her eyes*). The fish is hook'd.

DAN. (*smiling, and looking round to see if they are alone*). My services might still be acceptable. Why not? I'm a widower, or very nearly so—and there is nobody looking (*steps tiptoe behind her and takes her by the waist*). Adorable creature!

[*They turn and recognize each other.*]

RITA Gracious Heav'n!

DAN. Can it be?

RITA Is it you?

DAN. (*aside*). 'Tis my wife.

RITA O! what luck.

DAN. By St. Nicholas and fate, I'm thunderstruck.

RITA (*running to him*).

I recognize thy manly charms,
Dear Daniel, come to Rita's arms!
My heart is light which once was lead,
To find he lives I thought was dead.
For thee I wept and sorrow'd long—
You know my health was never strong—
The only man I ever loved;
And yet you don't seem to be moved,
No, no! you don't seem to be moved!

DAN. (*aside*) No feeling show, good Daniel, or you're lost.

RITA. He's dumb, or deaf as any post;

(*shouting in his ear*) My dearest life,

I am your wife, Rita!

DAN. (*feigning*) Rita! I know not who Rita may be,

Pretty creature.

RITA.

"Pretty creature!" 'tis not my husband, 'tis not he,
No, my husband never said to me
'Pretty creature.' 'Tis not he

ENSEMBLE. Few husbands call wives "pretty creatures,"

It certainly cannot be { he !
me !

But I look }
But she looks } at these rascally features.

And sure of { my } man { I }
her } she }

DAN. (*smiling*). So you take me for your husband ?

RITA (*aside*). The wretch's very voice. I suppose I have made a mistake. You are not so good-looking as my poor dear Daniel was.

DAN. Ah ! Then the dear defunct was a handsome man, was he ?

RITA I should think he was, and so good tempered.

DAN. (*astonished*). Really !

RITA (*aside*). He smiles. It must be he ! Except when he was put out, and then he was a perfect—

DAN. What ?

RITA Brute. But it never lasted. His character was—

DAN. Extraordinary ?

RITA Well, very *striking* sometimes.

RITA But I loved him all the same. I shall never get another husband like Daniel. Ho, ho (*cries*).

DAN. (*aside*). Well, 'pon my honour I couldn't have thought any woman would have loved me like that. (*aloud*). Then you adored this clever, amiable, handsome man ?

RITA Since he died I have never given the least encouragement to any man. No one can say I have.

Enter DANDOLO, running.

TRIO

DAND. Signora Rita !

RITA. What would you, boy ?

DAND. I'm here at last

To tell my joy.

And out of breath with running fast,

Upon the wings of love I've flown

To tell you now you are my own ;

The banns are published and your promise known.

RITA. Be quiet do !

DAN. Can this be true ?

DAND. (*seeing DANIEL*). Pray Sir, and who are you ?

Ensemble.

RITA. His conduct very strange is,
I see it, nothing loth,
His face in anger changes,
With jealousy he's wroth.

DAN. This conduct very strange is ;
Can this be woman's troth ;
Her heart like weather changes,
'Twould make a lover wroth.

DAND. This conduct very strange is,
To fight he's nothing loth ;
Her temper tow'rds me changes,
Their looks are black in troth.

DAN. (*angrily*) Well ! but this Daniel,
This same spouse for whom you just now wept ?

RITA. Ah ! believe me, I have always my widow's promised kept.
But, tears in these eyes so often glisten,
Men say it makes them sparkle more ;
My lonely thoughts to reason bound to listen,
Tell me, ten years are quite enough a husband to deplore ?

Ensemble. This conduct very strange is, &c.

DAN. O ! Dam (*aside*). I'm forgetting I'm defunct and ought to look with a calm eye on domestic matters.

DANDOLO (*to RITA*). But what can it matter to a third party what we do ?

RITA (*to DANDOLO*). Hold your foolish tongue. These red-haired men are so dreadfully indiscreet.

DAN. (*changing his mood and passing between them*). Well ! well ! my young friends, I don't know why I should object if you don't. So the sooner you get married the better.

RITA. (*annoyed*) This won't do ! Or it can't be Daniel !

DANDOLO. We shall get married as soon as possible.

DAN. (*aside to DANDOLO*) Try it, that's all !

DANDOLO. (*afraid*) What's that ?

DAN. I'll pound you into ship biscuits !

RITA. What are you whispering ?

DAN. (*smiling, and taking DANDOLO by the arm*). Merely asking my intelligent friend to serve me as guide in the neighbourhood. (*Pinching him*). Dare to look at her. His cheerful company will enliven the way.

DANDOLO. This worthy gentleman begs me to—Oh !

RITA. But you are coming back ?

DANDOLO. Oh, certainly—that is—no. Don't look so tenderly at me, you can't think the pain it gives me. (*DANIEL pinches him.*) [*Exeunt.*

RITA. (*alone*) Now what does that mean ? Don't look so tenderly at him ! one would think he wanted to cry off. There now, I should not be astonished if between the two I came to the ground. The horrid strangers have thrown a spell over these marriages. But I swear this shall not end in this way. I can't remain a widow any longer (*seeing ALPHONSO*). Ah !

I see the lost lover, Signor Alphonso. Perhaps he will tell me what it all means.

Enter hurriedly ALPHONSO, his dress in disorder and covered with dust.

ALPHONSO (*excitedly*). My good Rita, I thought I never should have escaped.

RITA. Escaped! where from?

ALP. From an ambush, a trap set for me in the wood by some wretches whose force required all my energy to resist.

RITA. Another event. Well, to-day is a feast of wonders.

ALP. A feast! would it were a burial for me.

RITA. Don't talk like that.

ALP. Has not Camilla proved false?

RITA. I know the Signora is the more miserable of the two, and has passed the night in pronouncing your name and in prayers for her father.

ALP. (*bitterly*) My name. Canst thou tell me the name of my rival?

RITA. No one knows but my mistress.

ALP. Camilla! Let me see her, and at once. After all her promises of love she cannot abandon me to despair without telling me of what I am guilty. (*as he goes he sees CAMILLA, who enters from the chapel, followed by two of her women*). 'Tis she! (*She tries to pass, but ALPHONSO prevents her. RITA and the women retire*).

CAM. (*aside*) Alphonso! I had prayed heaven to spare me this trial.

DUET

ALP. Camilla! why turn thy head when now you meet me?
Ah! Camilla, dearest, ease my pain,
Say what have I done, thus to treat me?

I're 'tis too late

Tell me my fate?

CAM. I shall die of remorse!

ALP. But one day has run it's course
Since I had clasp'd thee to this heart.

CAM. Though it be death to us to part,
My secret I dare not impart.

ALP. I see the reason meant;

CAM. Oh no!

ALP. In vain from me you try to hide it
You ask your father's consent!
And he denied it.

CAM. 'Twas not my father's will,
He little knows my lot
He never wished me ill—

ALP. Hast thou then forgot ?
 CAM. 'Tis destiny which severs now
 My life from thine :
 And I have sworn in blind despair
 A cruel vow.
 And yet my soul must still repine
 For I had hop'd to call thee mine !
 ALP. Ah ! Camilla. *(clock strikes One)*
 CAM. I love thee ! but thou must fly.

ENSEMBLE.

CAM. Alphonso ! by fate we are parted,
 I never to love thee can cease ;
 Far from thee I must die broken-hearted,
 For death alone can give me peace.
 ALP. By what cruel fate are we parted ?
 For I never to love thee will cease :
 Far from thee I must die broken-hearted,
 For death alone will give me peace.

CAMILLA *breaks suddenly away and retires.*

ALP. She flies from me—bids me forget her, and yet says she still loves me. What dreadful mystery is this ? Here I will stay and witness for myself what that will can be more powerful than a fathers.

DAND. *(enters from Chateau).* ALPHONSO *in deep reflection.*
 DANDOLO *(speaking off as he enters).* Did one ever see the like—the more you give them the more they want. *(seeing ALPHONSO).* Ah, Signor Alphonso, are you here again ; well we are rowing in the same boat it seems—only I pity poor Rita.

ALP. *(absorbed)* I cannot believe it.

DAND. Nor I ; but bless you, he won't marry her himself, and he won't let me marry her, the dog in the manger. And I'm positively fond of her—though the pleasure I feel when looking at her is more than counterbalanced by the blows in the ribs my tormentor gives when she looks at me.

ALP. *(scarcely listening)* Where were your arms ?

DAND. Fire-arms mean you ? Most luckily I don't possess any, or there's no saying what might happen. Those noble gentlemen seem to be unmitigated ruffians.

ALP. *(interested)* Aye ? but their chief ?

DAND. The worst of the lot. They call themselves nobles ? Why, when I brought them, just now, a dish of stewed peas, with one hand they put their knives into their mouths and with the other the spoons into their pockets. Gentlemen don't generally remove the silver after dinner.

ALP. Is that all you observed ?

DAND. Well! I heard them whispering about one Pietro who was expected at the harbour of San Felice, but didn't arrive, and they said, 'Had he fallen into the hands of the soldiers they were lost.'

ALP. Camilla has been deceived (*aside*). Listen Dandolo, you love your mistress!

DAND. (*carelessly*) O! of course. (*ALPHONSO gives money to DANDOLO*).

DAND. My mistress! what would I not do for her?

ALP. In the market-place you will find a sergeant of my company (*writes on tablets*) give this to him, and lead him and the men with him to the harbour of San Felice, as soon as this Pietro makes his appearance.

DAND. I understand.—Here are all the peasants assembling for the wedding!

ALP. Be off then for there is not a moment to lose.

DAND. Pietro is a dead man. Count on me and the sergeant. *He disappears up the rocks* L. *ALPHONSO passes at back of chapel* R. *The bells ring out and the scene fills with fishermen and villagers. Young girls arrive in boats across the bay and down the mountains.*

CHORUS.

Now leaving toil and labour
We join the merry scene!
Bring out the pipe and tabor,
Or strike the tambourine.
Singing, smiling, care beguiling—
Here we answer pleasure's call.

ZAMPA My friends approach and welcome,
No thought but happiness for all.

BARCAROLLE.

Maiden eyes are glancing
On my bark advancing
O'er the silent sea.
Where my white sails flutter,
Love can whispers utter
Heard by none but thee!
Should thy careless heart say 'Nay;'
Turn not proudly, love will loudly
Summon thee to yield one day.—*Chorus.*

If in love's definance
Thou refuse alliance
With this heart of gold.
Hope not to discover
Other dearer lover
In thy arms to fold!

Should thy careless heart say 'Nay,' &c.—*Chorus.*

Enter from Chateau. CAMILLA in bridal dress, pale and trembling, led by DANIEL and followed by RITA and suite.

ZAMPA. (*gaily*) 'Tis Camilla herself!

ALL (*turning towards her*) Signora Camilla 'tis who comes.

Chorus repeat. Now leaving, toil and labour, &c.

[*Girls form a dance in front of CAMILLA, strewing roses in her path. She walks towards the image of the Madonna on the outer wall of the chapel and kneels before it. All do the same except ZAMPA.*

ZAMPA. (*watches CAMILLA with devotion*) How touching is her noble beauty? For the first time I know what it is to love. Now I can swear to her I never loved before!

[*At this moment the stage grows dark. The spirit of ALICE is seen within the tomb pointing to the ring upon her finger. During the vision ZAMPA stands petrified with horror. The vision gradually fades away.*

ZAMPA. (*agitated*) Again this spectre comes from hell to torture me. My brain is turning.

DAN. (*aside to ZAMPA and sustaining him*) What is this sudden weakness, Captain?

ZAMPA. The marble bride is there.

DAN. (*terrified*) Where?

ZAMPA. Do you not see her ghastly face, her warning hand?

DAN. There is nothing here!

ZAMPA. (*looking round*) Nothing—'tis true, and yet I saw her.

DAN. The statue I'll be sworn—I told you so.

ZAMPA. (*looking at the villagers, who are dancing again*) Bah! My eyes deceive me. See, these merry maids are dancing here around me. What's to fear?

DAN. (*in fear*) If the devil has come to the wedding, you'd better put the ceremony off.

ZAMPA. Does Zampa fear the devil when an angel waits? going to CAMILLA and leading her forward into the ranks of the procession) Sweet lady, it is time.

ALPHONSO appears on the steps of the chapel as they are about to enter. He draws his sword.

ALP. Stand back.

ZAMPA. My rival (*retreats*).

CAMILLA. 'Tis Alphonso! (*she flies to RITA*).

ALP. Before these rites continue, I must know who thus has dared to stand between me and my affianced bride?

(ZAMPA draws his sword.)

ALP. My sword is ready to enforce my demand (*looking at ZAMPA*) Great heavens!

ZAMPA. You seem deceived.

ALP. Deceived. I knew you not but now—

DAN. We are lost! He knows us.

ALP. (*who has taken out ZAMPA's description*). (*Examines ZAMPA*) Eyes! features—hair! 'Tis he. 'Tis Zampa, the terrible Corsair.

ZAMPA stands R. surrounded by his sailors.

ALL. Zampa!! (*they circle round menacing*).

DAN. (*aside*) Our arms are gone!

ZAMPA. Silence (*aloud and sneering*) Is this the way Sicilian nobles rid themselves of a rival. Who says I'm Zampa? (*noise without*).

Enter DANDOLO running, followed by a Sergeant and soldiers.

The sailors are prevented escaping.

DAND. (*out of breath*) Victory. (*gives a paper to ALPHONSO*). Dandolo has done it all alone—thanks to these sturdy comrades who protected me. We've caught the villian, Pietro, and seized the letter which you hold.

ALP. (*reading superscription*) For Captain Zampa.

ALL. For Zampa.

CAMILLA. My father's fate is sealed.

ALP. Can you deny this?

ZAMPA. No; this letter is for me.

ALL. Let him die!

ZAMPA. Will you read e'er they go farther? (*to ALPHONSO*)

ALP. "By the hand of the Viceroy—On condition that the whole band with their captain shall, on receipt hereof, proceed against the Turks, who have declared war in Sicily, we hereby grant full pardon to Zampa and his crew. Let him be well received if he consent to fight beneath our flag. May heaven grant the pardon which we hold out to him on earth. Signed—" Can this be true?

DAN. This is a pleasant disappointment!

ZAMPA. (*to his crew*) Have you faith in your Captain now? Zampa accepts, and swears with all his crew to shed his truest blood for Sicily.

ENSEMBLE.

CHORUS Away with fears! we'll trust in his word,

All assuring,

Zampa procuring

A peace, a lasting peace with his sword.

We will trust to his word—to his sword!

CAM. RITA, ALP. Grief turns to rage,

Time can ne'er assuage

Woe, such torture thus enduring—

- In deadly fight } he { would engage
 I }
- DAND. DAN. Grief turns to rage.
 Can time assuage
 Woe, torture thus enduring?
 No, nought can change his fate I'll engage.
- ZAMPA In vain his rage,
 We war must wage
 With rivals more enduring.
 No! nought can change my fate I'll engage.
- ALP. What! fight under Zampa? (breaks his sword)
 Shall this hand bring dishonour on my name?
- CAM. Alas!
- ALP. Camilla, dearest, speak,
 Why hesitate—e'er 'tis too late?
 Will this man dare your hand to claim?
- ZAMPA (taking her hand) Thy hand!
- ALP. She falters yet—
- CAM. (in despair) Alphonso!
- ZAMPA (to CAMILLE) Dost thou forget
 Upon the seas thy father dies.
- CAM. (giving herself up to ZAMPA) To save him, all my nature flies!
- CHORUS Away with fear!
 We'll trust in his vow,
 All assuming—Zampa procuring
 A peace, a lasting peace with his sword,
 We will trust to his word—to his sword.

The doors of the chapel open and the priest with his acolytes is seen on the threshold. The soldiers present arms. The people kneel while ZAMPA assists CAMILLA, nearly fainting, up the steps of the porch. The organ is heard within as the curtain falls.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE—*The interior of an apartment in the Chateau of Lugano; on the left is a window opening on to balcony. The sea by moonlight is seen beyond. At back is an alcove, in which is seen an oratory with prie-dieu, &c. the entrance half concealed by hangings. At side a tripod, on which is a lamp, which gives light to the stage: at R. are folding doors. Arm-chairs, &c., on the stage.*

CAMILLA discovered alone, seated left of table, looking
 at a paper.

CAM. Would this were a dream! I, the wife of a man whose very looks fills me with terror—Yes, but heaven be praised, I

have my father's release here, signed and ready. When he comes back to me, I must try to forget in his arms the price I have paid. Now to find a faithful friend who can carry this to the Corsair's ship. I dare not trust it to these lawless pirates. (*a mandoline is heard beneath the balcony preluding a serenade*). Hark! 'tis the air Alphonso so often sang with me (*she looks out over balcony*). I see no one; but a fisherman's boat is just now grounding on the beach.

NOCTURN.

ALP. (*outside*) O! whither hastes the lonely gondolier?
 Breaking from a faithless maiden's chain;
 Alone, towards some other shore I steer,
 To seek a home where truth and freedom reign.

CAM. (*aside*) 'Tis his voice!

ALP. Farewell, my own dear Fatherland!
 To Sicily, my island home,
 My broken heart's with thee, where e'er I roam!

CAM. (*aside*) He risks his life. (*She approaches the balcony*).

ENSEMBLE—ALPHONSO, CAMILLA.

O! could { *she* } know the bitter pangs I feel,
 { *he* }

My anguish might some reason share;
 But never will a life-long absence heal

The { *cruel wounds she'll* } calmly bear.
 { *wounds I seem to* }

Then bid farewell to thy dear Fatherland,
 To Sicily, our island home!

My broken heart's with thee where'er I roam.

CAMILLA *retreats from the window in despair*—ALPHONSO *appears climbing on to the balcony, he is dressed as a sailor*.

CAM. Who is this? Alphonso!

ALP. Silence! Not a soul knows I am here, and he they call your husband, is inspecting the arsenal with his followers. There is no time to lose, I have come to save you.

CAM. To save me?

ALP. A word dropped from this villain has told me all. I know the sacrifice you have made to save your father.

CAM. You know it! Ah, then I can now beg of you to be the faithful bearer of his release—there is no one else to whom I now can trust.

ALP. We will bear the release together, dear Camilla. Fly with me to the Viceroy, and he will annul this odious marriage into which you have been trapped.

CAM. Alas, my oath has been to Heaven, and my life here ends—but trust me, Alphonso, though he calls me bride, we

shall separate this very hour. He has sworn to grant me my first demand.

ALP. What are the oaths of such a fiend as Zampa?

CAM. Within the holy shrine to-day, he swore by the altar, and had you seen his haggard face—his glassy eye fixed upon vacancy—you would have believed that he was pursued by the phantom of his past enormities. But, Heavens! I hear steps on the beach below. Fly, fly, and ensure at least my father's safety.

ALP. (*hesitating*) Let me defend you with my life!

CAM. I conjure thee, by my love!

ALP. As you will—I obey.

CAM. Adieu! adieu. (*she retires into the oratory. ALPHONSO is going to scale the balcony, when a chorus is heard below.*)

ALP. What is this! a serenade to the married pair!

CHORUS - *Without.*

Night's drowsy hour
Exert's no pow'r
When vows we plight—
While all are sleeping
Love still is keeping
His torch alight!
O'er Hymen's bower
May Fortune shower
Content; and bless
With happiness!

ALP. (*listening at door*) It is Zampa and I am powerless; but I have promised to release Camilla's father, and then we will return and make one more appeal to love (*looking out*). The coast is clear, and Zampa's galeon close in shore.

As the door opens R. ALPHONSO crying "Camilla, thy father will return." disappears over the balcony.

Enter ZAMPA, escorted by pages with torches, and accompanied by DANIEL and crew.

ZAM. Thanks, my best thanks, my friends, for your good wishes. To-morrow we inspect the ships within the roads. I count on your attendance. [*Exeunt all but DAN. & ZAM.*]

ZAMPA throws himself into armchair after taking off his cloak and hat.

ZAM. Ha! ha! Well, Daniel, what do you say to the Corsair's home?

DAN. (*looking round him*) Well, it seems you've anchored in still waters.

ZAM. After all my life of crime and danger, to find myself

master of a wife who belongs to me, and a house I can call my own !

DAN. Heaven keep them for you, Captain. As for me, I am going to leave the business, too.

ZAM. What now, Daniel ! Is an honest life too dull for you ?

DAN. Quite the contrary, if it were only for a change ; but (*mysteriously*) the place is haunted. I don't like statues which don't know their place, and wont keep their proper position in society. I can't help thinking your honour has seen her again.

ZAM. Hold thy infernal tongue. Have you not executed my orders ?

DAN. Most faithfully. Four of my men carried off the marble bride.

ZAM. What, sirrah !

DAN. The statue, I mean, and breaking it into pieces, threw the obnoxious intruder into the sea.

ZAM. Then there's an end to my only interruption.

DAN. So said I, when I saw her plunge into the bay ; but there's something uncomfortable still (*trembles*) there's something moving in the alcove—

ZAM. (*smiling*) No doubt ; my bride, the fair Camilla, probably prefers my presence alone to your company—so (*shows door*).

DAN. Certainly ; but I must cross that fearful gallery to get to my wife's room.

ZAM. Your wife !

DAN. Alas, Captain, I've found a wife too, and am going to finish my days with her. I hope this penance will be counted to my credit ; (*going*) believe me, Captain, it is never too late to repent. A life of honesty, probity, and strict rectitude—

ZAM. (*pushing him out R.*) Take your sermons to the devil, and leave me alone to clothe myself in sheepskin if necessary.

(*returns and takes off his sword. He is alone*).

By my faith, this coward Daniel makes one shiver. After all, if there was some sorcery in the air it is dissolved for ever. I need only think now of domestic felicity. Camilla is there-within, I must leave the chieftain for the lover (*as he steps forward CAMILLA leaves her prie-dieu and comes down*).

CAM. (*gravely*) Stay ! I am here to remind you of the oath you swore at heaven's altar.

ZAM. (*gaily*) I swear again—name but your wish.

CAM. You know, too well, the sacrifice I make. My demand is to withdraw from hence, to hide myself in the convent of St. Agnes, where I shall pray heaven to take me from this world.

ZAM. (*stupified*) A convent! this is madness. Can you think that I will sacrifice the woman for whom I have sold myself to Sicily.

CAM. My fortune is your's, what would you more?

ZAM. What more? Your love—your love alone!

CAM. (*in tears*) Have pity on me!

ZAM. What! Is it pride which bids you spurn the Corsair chief? Does Zampa's name look sinister upon your shield? Camilla, I can lay here, at your feet, a title borne by no one else. Yes, you are Countess di Monza—

CAM. Di Monza (*aside*) 'Tis Alphonso's brother! (*she faints into chair R.*)

ZAM. Why should this title thus affect her? (*taking her hand and kneeling*).

MORCEAU D'ENSEMBLE.

ZAM. Camilla! Dearest bride, look up!

CAVATINA.

Thou art my queen, and I thy loyal slave;

Why tremble thus? 'Tis I for pardon crave.

One guide I'll own—my loving care of thee;

One law alone thy fondest wish shall be.

Then dearest bride, may I within thine eyes,

The answer read which love must ever prize?

Here at thy feet, behold, repenting,

No pirate now, thy willing slave.

Ah! sweet saint relenting,

By holy love a sinner save!

CAM. (*waking—she starts up on seeing ZAMPA*).

Where am I! What Zampa still is here?

The silent night fills me with fear!

ZAM. From harm in silence shielding,

Night stands on watch above;

Then to my ardour yielding,

Let fear give way to love!

CAM. What! would you break your sacred word?

ZAM. Not so loud—we may be heard.

CAM. The solemn oath you took this very morn!

ZAM. By me one oath was sworn—

Which was to love.

[*he approaches*]

CAM. Oh, hear my pray'r! In pity pause!

ZAM. Yield to Zampa's laws!

CAM. In pity stay!

ZAM. Zampa bids thee obey.

CAM. See my tears, in pity stay.

ENSEMBLE.

ZAM. Beauty thus in sorrow kneeling,

Sets my vanquish'd senses reeling ;
Love alone my heart can move !

CAM. If thy soul knows any feeling,
See me here in sorrow kneeling,
How can tears like mine be love ?

Oh, listen to my pray'r.

ZAM. Beauty asks for all my care

CAM. Can this be ?
Dost thou then own
A heart of stone ?
Ah ! now I see
The hand that stole
Without restraint,
The loving soul,
Of that sweet saint
Albina !

No pity then for me !

ZAM. Again the same !
Albina ! I hear the fatal name !

CAM. May her's your torture be,

ZAM. (*pursuing her*) No saint can now protect thy charms !

CAM. Oh, Heav'n, send me help.

ZAM. 'Tis in vain. None can hear thy alarms !

CAM. Father ! Help !

*The door is burst in by ALPHONSO, LUGANO and peasants.
CAMILLA flies to her father, who presses her to his bosom !
ALPHONSO with drawn sword rushes on ZAMPA, who retreats
towards oratory after drawing his sword.*

ZAM. What means this treachery ! The Corsair Chief was
never conquered yet.

ALP. Take back Camilla's vows at my sword's point. (*He
disarms him and is about to strike, when CAMILLA cries.*)

CAM. Hold. 'Tis the Count di Monza. Would'st thou shed
a brother's blood ? Heav'n will avenge !

ZAM. I defy you all. I claim as bride the hand which bears
my ring (*as he retreats to the centre of the oratory the statue
of ALBINA appears and seizes his arm*). Horror ! 'tis my
doom ! Pardon, Albina—pardon. I die. (*He dies at the feet
of the statue, which disappears with him in lightning*)

CHORUS. (*of kneeling peasants*)

PRAYER—Holy Albina, we adore thee.

*The curtain falls as LUGANO clasps CAMILLA and ALPHONSO
to his arms.*

TABLEAU.

END OF ZAMPA.

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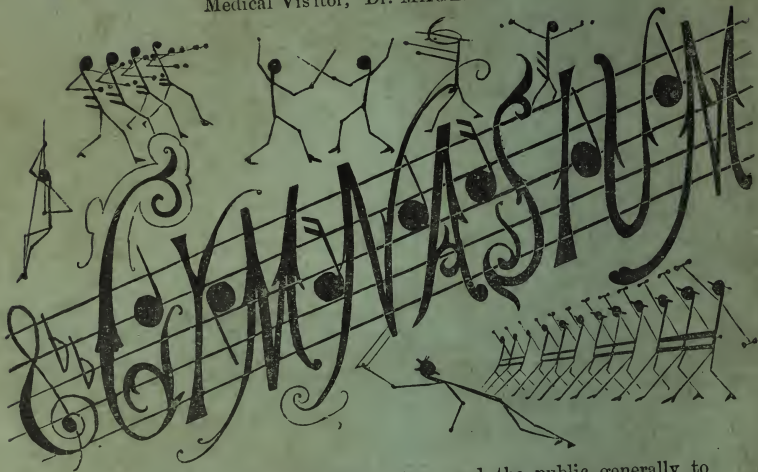
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